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The Deep Ridley Mystery

And Hitler Foolishness

New York has a strange murder mystery, worthy of famous detectives and detective story writers of all times.

An old man named Ridley owned a great store. The city changed, his customers moved away. He lived on, in the old neighborhood, his store closed, keeping and increasing a great fortune. He established his office in a damp, cold basement forty feet below the ground, and was called a miser. Some time ago a secretary who had long served him was murdered. The mystery was never solved.

Now the old man, forced at last to leave his millions behind, is found murdered in his tiny underground office, and murdered beside him is his last secretary, a younger man.

The secretary was killed with several bullets, probably to get him out of the way, that he might not interfere with the murder of the old man, who was brutally, savagely beaten to death.

The police have no theory, except "revenge." They find that the old man had left a comfortable fortune to his latest secretary, although he had given nothing to the secretary murdered in his service, or to his relatives.

Robbery was not the motive, money was found in the pockets of both dead men.

Was it revenge? Was it fear that the old man would dispose of property that others might get? If revenge, what CAUSED the deadly hatred that took two lives?

There is a story that calls for a first-class news reporter of the old school.

40,000 of Hitler's followers, a majority of them boys in their 'teens, enjoyed the excitement of burning books written by Jews and others. Denouncing each author as his books were burned, they accused Emil Ludwig of "high treason against Germany." They burned Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front," because it "degraded the German language." They did not burn Heine or Spinoza, so far as known. To do that might seem ridiculous, even to Nazis. Karl Marx, prophet of Lenin and Bolshevism, was cursed most energetically.

Goebbels, Hitler's minister of propaganda, said: "Jewish intellectualism is dead."

That gentleman will find himself mistaken. A thing that you cannot kill is the human intellect.

Citizens celebrating the return of beer, at twenty-five to fifty cents a bottle, will read with amazement of "beer at 3 cents a stein" in one Chicago district, as the result of a price war.

What working people want is good beer on draught, at five cents a large glass, no whiskey saloons, no price wars, or racketeer wars.

The Farmer's Problem

N. E. Should Help Him to Prosperity

Secretary of Agriculture Wallace was quite frank when he declared that the people of New England owe it to themselves to acquire a better understanding of the great farm problem of America.

We have been remiss in our duty to the farmers, who are our fellow Americans, and we have been remiss in our duty to ourselves.

Farming is the most substantial industry in this country. The farmers, their families and the persons engaged in agricultural pursuits in one way or another constitute more than one-third our entire population.

Without the prosperity of the farmers, the people of this country as a whole can not derive the fullest prosperity possible. The farmers are the greatest consumers as well as the greatest producers. They buy our shoes, our clothing, our wire goods, our steel for their farming implements. When they can not buy, our industries go idle, our profits are lost and our employes are thrown out of work.

When several thousands of their banks close, when some 3,000,000 people leave the farms because of adverse conditions and when the value of their farming property shrinks by some twenty thousand millions of dollars, we should sympathize with them because they are our fellow citizens in distress. And we should strive to aid them, just as the alert businessman concerns himself with the welfare of his best customer.

Mr. Wallace said that the new legislation at Washington calculated to assist the farmer may increase the price of bread one cent a loaf, may raise the price of a $1.50 cotton shirt by five cents and the price of a 98-cent cotton blanket by fourteen cents. The consumers will pay for these increases, it is true. But our bakers bake the bread and our weavers and spinners fashion the cotton materials. The benefits will be widespread.

The point of all this is that our welfare is inextricably identified with the prosperity of the American farmer. And we should manifest a more intimate understanding of his welfare, as Secretary Wallace very wisely said.

Mother's Day

Tomorrow is Mother's Day.

Many a son will wear a white carnation in tribute to the sweet woman who gave him life itself. He will send her flowers, or some little gift, and will let her know he loves her, not only on her day, but every day.

On this day, and on every day of the year, it would be well to remember the lines of Coleridge:—

"A mother is a mother still,
the holiest thing alive."

Daily Bible Text *"Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man."* —St. Luke ii, 52.

By the Rev. J. H. Haines, Congregational Church, Hinsdale, N. H. Next text by the Rev. Donn Marvin, Unitarian minister, Boston.

'Foreign Entanglements'

By Nelson Harding

A bird of freedom should beware
Of being captured in a snare.
No cautious eagle will be found
To hover too close to the ground.

But soar far above the earth
And give all traps a wider berth.
Though soothing words the cord may write,
The bird, if wise, will not alight.

O. O. McIntyre

New York Day by Day

A Dog's Life

NEW YORK, May 13—The Sealyham has his say: I'm supposed to be a clown dog just because I haven't the dignity of the Boston. My hair won't lay straight. But nobody's supposed to have dignity when they're just two going on three.

What do they expect? Anyway I'm not over my fright yet.

I was born—might as well be autobiographical, all the writers are—in Rev. O. O. McIntyre Hills. Out on the Ben Ray Meyers place. One time in New York while dining with my present master, Mr. Meyer said: "How'd you like to have a Sealyham?"—not knowing that bird would take anything offered.

So. Mr. Meyers returned and I was taken from two brothers, a sister and an adoring mother. I never saw my father. I've heard he is now a retired Don Juan on the Will Rogers place. Also I understand he deserted many other ladies in his day, the old Casanova.

They nailed me in a box and put me on a train. That trip is why I'm such a fraidy at sudden noises. For five days it was a nightmare of lurches, quick stops, strange whistles and clanging bells. Just the other day they took me down to a railroad station and I tossed a conniption fit right before all those people.

Crossing the contingent they gave me food but I didn't want to eat. O. mot more than four or five times a day. I thought I would never get to wherever I was going. It looked like dirty work at the cross roads. I was only an itty-bitty shaver who had never been out of the yard.

* * *

Everybody crowded around while they uncrated me, peeping and making cracks. Finally they lifted me to the floor and there I was in the kitchen. I shook myself of a few doo-dads picked up along the way such as stalks, bolts, pieces of twine and a smear or so of axle grease. Then Harry, the colored man, gave me a bath and would you believe it I was as clean, fluffy—and may I add pure?—as the driven snow.

* * *

Some time later—after theater, I think—I was awakened and saw my new mistress and master bending over me. They were dressed up like Mrs. Astor's plush horse. I have some of my father's flattery so I wagged my tail, snuffled their shoe tips and licked their outstretched hands. Then I decided to cute them. So I raced around the house in dizzy whirls, winding up before them on one haunch with my pink tongue clear down to here. I knew I had them smack in the palm of my paw. They were mine for the asking.

* * *

The master is skinny and something of a comic valentine. The mistress is my choice and the Boston's, too, but the master always speaks of us as "My dogs!" He thinks he's quite a person but you ought to see him in long underwear. They gave me the sissiest name—Rainbow. Isn't that darling? Sound's like mother's little beam of light when as a matter of truth I'm a hard mutt.

* * *

The Boston thinks he has me bluffed. He nipped me the first day when I was all scared up from travelling and I let him get away with it. But every dog has his yen know and will the fur fly. He hasn't many teeth anyway. It's not bad in the city but I'll take California. How I miss those palm trees! I'd like to see some tough dogs, too. All I see have leashes, fancy collars and other fol de rols. In the park the other day I even found myself playing with a Pekinese that wore a pink ribbon neck bow. Imagine what the gang in California would think of that!

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O. O. McIntyre's article is a features every week of the Boston Sunday Advertiser.

By Edgar A. Guest

Just Folks

Wealth

Wealth is friendship tried and true.
Wealth is joyous, happy hours,
Strength the daily tasks to do.
Wealth is trees and birds and flowers.
Wealth is tenderer sentiment,
Peace of mind and heart's content,
All man's senses and his powers.
Wealth is beauty to the eye,
Stars at night and silver beams
Of the soft moon in the sky;
Music made by rippling streams.
Wealth is faith and courage bold
And the loyalty to hold
Fast to all man's nobler dreams.
Wealth is all the countless things
Memory prizes down the years;
That sweet comfort friendship brings
When pur eyes are wet with tears.
Gold is but a minor part.
Wealth is of the mind and heart,
Gracing all our hopes and fears.

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Listen, World!

By Elsie Robinson

My Mother's Cane

Elsie Robinson

MY LITTLE MOTHER has gone.

Somewhere, down those vast bright distances ahead, that small, stalwart figure goes trudging on—with the shadows erased forever from her laughing lips, and eager eyes.

Brave little mother, whom I knew so long, yet knew so little! Eighty-seven years of life—what a lot she got out of it! What a lot she put into it! And, sleeping already her brow lifted toward the next adventure.

God grant you get it, dear—endlessly, joyously!

As for me, I have your cane. I could wish no finer thing to treasure for the rest of my life.

My mother's cane. I cannot even guess what bitterness she must have felt when she first was forced to use it. She had always been so free—a neat, swift little figure, moving lightly through the aisles of her roses, under the vines and dark shrubs and tall tossing trees with which she wrought such quick, cool magic on the raw frontier. Housework? She despised it. Tame chores for tabby cats! But given half a dozen acres of wild soil, and a climate that listened when an English-Irish lady spoke her mind—and she'd make a Paradise.

Yet, when she was little more than half way through her years, the cane came. A broken hip. She'd have no doctoring. How did she stand the pain? How did any of them stand the pain—that old, grim, gay breed of humans who laugh at us for molly-coddles? But, whatever the pain, it could never have touched the agony she must have known when first she felt the limp.

Never to go free and quick again!

I can't bear to think of it. Yet she could bear to live it—she who had as great a contempt for resignation, or even for patience, as she did for anesthetics.

So she took her cane. If a cane was part of life, she would use a cane as she used all life. But there was to be no misunderstanding on the subject. She used the cane. The cane did not use her. She took that cane as she'd taken every other handicap that faced her in this alien land. As she'd taken poverty, loneliness—the fierce, raw soil—the hostile sun—the stubborn rocks—that fought her will to beauty.

Dispute her will?

Cramp her style?

Never!

Cane or no cane—she was "the master of her fate, the captain of her soul."

So, laughing, frowning, storming, she went limping through life. And Life, I sometimes thought, stood back, properly abashed, and let a lady pass.

And now she's gone. In the scarlet dress she loved best, with a white rose at her throat and a little teasing smile at the corner of her mouth—and one eyebrow lifted in a triumphant tilt—

And I have her cane.

I, who could never touch even the margin of her courage—who limp so badly without a broken hip!

And some, I suppose, will wonder why one should want to keep the thing that meant another's agony. But if it meant agony, it also meant victory. And God knows we have all too few symbols of that! So for me, it's treasure—that plain, worn bit of wood—something to hold to when the way's too hard—

As one holds to the cross, forgetting the God, perhaps; remembering only the tortured man who dared to choose to die for the sake of the thing he loved.

They lived—those two. He, with his cross. She, with her cane. And all those others, limping down the same, hard trail—

They lived—

In spite of everything, they lived.

THEN SO SHALL I!

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Marconi's Lovely Daughter

The Descendant of Irish Kings

DONNA DEGNA MARCONI

Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, is one of the world's really great men, and these pictures of his lovely daughter, in evening dress and in day costume, will interest everybody.

They will interest those of the Italian race, who take great pride in the achievements of their fellow countryman, Marconi, and interest non-Italians, those of the Irish race, especially.

The mother of this charming young girl, Marconi's first wife, was, before her marriage, the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, descendant of Irish kings of Munster and of Clare. The last of

MARCONI'S LOVELY DAUGHTER IN STREET COSTUME

them, Murrough O'Brien, King of Clare, surrendered his authority to King Henry the Eighth, who made him Earl of Thomond and Baron Inchiquin in 1543.

From that old Irish king and British-made baron, this beautiful daughter of Marconi is a direct descendant of the 13th generation in the female line.

It is easy to speculate on the further development of that line that began among ancient Irish kings, was transferred to Italy and carried on there. What will later descendants of this family achieve, having on one side the genius of Marconi and on the other the fine qualities of a great Irish race?

A Cheerful Sign

Worcester Bank Reopens

The Worcester Bank and Trust Company is to be reopened in the Heart of the Commonwealth.

Some $8,000,000 will thereby be released to 14,000 depositors.

Surely this is good news, not alone to the depositors whose funds have been isolated from them but to the state as a whole.

The reopening of this important bank is a demonstration of the sound conditions which very generally exist among the banking institutions of Massachusetts as a whole.

The reopening may also be regarded somewhat as a manifestation of the improved business conditions and the new optimism of the country.

This Worcester bank was one of the five trust companies in Massachusetts that had remained closed at the expiration of the banking holiday.

Coming so soon after the plan for resumption by the Central Trust of Cambridge, this reopening will enhearten and stimulate public confidence everywhere.

Bank Commissioner Guy, who has labored so faithfully for these revivals, informs us that the bank reopenings have been marked not by the hasty withdrawals of funds by the depositors but by increases of deposits.

There are good signs around us. We find new causes for courage and confidence every day.